Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* abroad:
And if we meet, we ſhall not ſcape a brawle, for now theſe hot dayes, is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of theſe fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his ſword vpon the table, and ſayes, God ſend me no need of thee: and by the operation of the ſecond cup, drawes him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy moode, as any in *Italie*: and aſſoone moued to be moodie, and aſſoone moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay and there were two ſuch, wee ſhould haue none ſhortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire leſſe in his beard, then thou haſt: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reaſon, but becauſe thou haſt haſel eyes: what eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpie out ſuch a quarrel? thy head is as ful of quarrels, as an egge is ful of meat, and yet thy head hath bin beaten as addle as an egge for quarrelling: thou haſt quareld with a man for coffing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath wakened thy dog that hath laine aſleepe in the ſun. Didſt thou not fall out with a tailor, for wearing his new doublet before Eaſter: with another, for tying his new ſhoes with old riband, & yet thou wilt tutor mee from quarrelling?

Ben. And I were ſo apt to quarel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life, for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple, O ſimple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tybalt. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeake to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs? couple it with ſ
thing, make it a word and a blow.

Ti. You ſhall find me apt inough to that ſir, and you wil g
me occaſion.

Mercut. Could you not take ſome occaſion without
uing?

Ti. *Mercutio* thou conſorteſt with *Romeo.*

Mer. Conſort, what doſt thou make vs Minſtrels? & th
make Minſtrels of vs, looke to heare nothing but diſco
heeres my fiddleſticke, heeres that ſhall make you dau
zounds conſort.

Ben. VVe talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto ſome priuate place,
Or reaſon coldly of your greuances:
Or elſe depart, here all eies gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaz
I will not budge for no mans pleaſure I.

Enter Romeo.

Ti. VVell peace be with you ſir, here comes my man.

Mer. But Ile be hangd ſir if he weare your liuery:
Marry go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.

Tib. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then this: thou art a villaine.

Ro. *Tibalt*, the reaſon that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting: villaine am I none.
Therefore farewell I ſee thou knoweſt me not.

Ti. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the iniuries
That thou haſt done me therefore turne and draw.

Ro. I do proteſt I neuer iniured thee,
But loue thee better then thou canſt deuiſe:
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my loue,
And ſo good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calme, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion: